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#### PULL LEASED WIRE REPORT OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

The State Journal is a member of the sociated Press and receives the full day legraph report of that great news or-nization, for the exclusive afternoon iblication in Topeka. The news is received in The State Jour-il building over wires for this sole pur-

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ociation.

Greece, at any rate, isn't superstitious. Her people are to vote on the question as to whether or not their nation shall enter the war on June 13.

Rebuffs are about the only things that the I. W. W. organizers are meeting with in the Kansas wheat centers. And they can't be made too strong. A few vigorous kicks, properly placed, might also well be footed out to them.

Protests against intervention by the United States in Mexico from the national executive committee of the Socialist party also suggest that if conditions in Mexico approach anything like the ideal Socialistic state, no other one has any possible chance of being established any place on God's

Fire Marshal Hussey's appeal that the celebration of the Fourth of July should be of the sane variety all over the state should be heeded. Topeka has given the sane plan a thorough trial, and probably wouldn't go back to the insane variety for something pretty. A Fourth of July celebration that maims many little children and kills a few has nothing to recommend it.

How they provide for their educational institutions in other states. A bill appropriating \$5,000,000 for the purposes of the University of Illinois that had already passed that state's senate went through the house the other day by a unanimous vote. And the probabilities are that the laws of Illinois do not permit its governor to emasculate appropriation measures of this variety.

Governor Capper's investigation of alleged political rottenness in Kansas City, Kan., brings to light, among other things, that the campaign expenses of some of the successful candidates in the municipal elections there often run to high figures. So have the campaign expenses of some of the successful candidates for state offices, and sometimes they've run even high when candidates for such honors have been unsuccessful.

# THE YOUNG MAN'S CAPITAL.

Young man, don't lament because you were not born into this world with a silver spoon in your mouth, writes John A. Sleicher, in Leslie's. Don't worry because you do not have a rich father. Don't grieve over the thought that poverty is your worst handicap. The most successful captains of industry in this country came into the world as poor as you are, some of them much poorer, but they had plenty of capital of the best kind. If you haven't it, it is probably your own fault. Better than money and inheritance, a settled income or a bank account, for the young man who wishes to succeed in business, is his health That is the foundation of all things substantial and real in life so far as happiness is concerned. If, together with health, you have character, intelligence, industry and politeness, you have the things that constitute the most valuable capital with which to start upon your business career. Every moment you spend repining over your condition and envying the success of others, or in anxiety beause you do not move as fast as some one else who had a better start, is a wasted moment. Think of the successful men who started as you are starting. Judge Gary, head of the most important Steel Corporation, was a farmer boy; A. Barton Hepburn, the eminent New York banker, was a school teacher; John D. Rockefeller was clerk in a grocery; Andrew Carnegie, a telegraph operator; Henry C. rick, master builder of the steel industry and possessor of one of the finest art galleries in the world, worked on a farm during vacation to get money with which to make his start; John D. Archbold, president of the Standard Oil company of New Jersey, was a struggling salesman in the early days of the oil excitement in Pennsylvania, and Frank A. Vanderlip, president of one of the greatest banks in New York, was a newspaper reporter in Chicago. These are

ly every successful business man in the United States. Think of these Emulate their example. You have all that they had when they started, perhaps more, so you start even. Young men, it is for you to start fresh, buoyant, hopeful, healthful and happy, on the highway that leads to success. Start right.

BRYAN CONSISTENT BUT WRONG. No doubt about the consistency of Mr. Bryan. His proposal to talk over all phases of the Lusitania matter with Germany for a full year, if necessary, and in the meantime have the United States formally and emphatically warn all of its citizens not to take passage on any belligerent ships or even American ships that may carry contraband is merely in keeping with the precedents he established in respect to the Mexican situation. He has been free with his warnings that Americans should leave Mexico and has even insisted that any Americans that is in prospect for these United who might elect to go to Mexico would do so at their own risks. This, however, is a plan for a nation to protect the lives and the rights of its citizens in foreign countries that is entirely original with the Nebraska statesman How far would civilization have

Mr. Bryan asks to be credited, at least, with good intentions. Sure. But look at the place that is paved with such things.

a method always been in general prac-

tice among the nations of the earth

### THE NOTE TO GERMANY.

Surely the explosion of the Bryan bomb was premature and also uncalled for. It seemed to forecast that the second note of the United States to Germany relative to the slaughter of the innocents aboard the Lusitania was a pronunciamento bristling with threats of war. Such is not the case In no sense can it be construed even as an ultimatum of finality. It may lead, of course, to a break with Germany. But such a break might not necessarily mean war between the United States and Germany, unless Germany should go so far as to be the mover in declaring such a war Nor does it follow that President Wilson would call congress together and ask for a declaration of war against Germany if the assurances we demand are not given. In such an event, and a possible consequent rupture of our diplomatic relations with Germany, the president undoubtedly has plans of procedure and reprisals lets other than those of actually engaging in war. But these are exigencies of the future.

The note, as a matter of fact, is merely another firm asseveration that the rights of our citizens be respected on the seas. It presses home in unmistakable language the purport of the first note in the premises that President Wilson penned and Bryan signed as secretary of state. It asks assurances of Germany that these rights shall be recognized. This is the essential point of the first note that the German answer dodged. And again it becomes Germany's move. But she must make her position and intentions plain. It would seem that she must now reply definitely to our paramount interrogation. And this apparently was the thorn in the note for Mr. Bryan. But what would he have? Would he discuss the Lusitania affair with Germany for a year, if needs be, and in the meantime have us sit supinely by and have our neighbors, who did not see fit to head his warnings to keep out of the war zones, murdered in as of the

savors of puerility. And the activities of Mr. Bryan same since his retirement from the cabinet approach the unpardonable. If ever there were a time when the people of these United States should stand unitedly behind their president, that time is now. He should be followed by them into whatever ditch he may lead. The controversy with Germany is the nation's, not the president's His position demands that he lead the The requirements of the oc-WRY. casion peremptorily order the people to follow him. The great bulk of them are in a mood to do so. The unanimity and alacrity with which the people as a whole have endorsed the position the president has taken with Germany, and the emphatic way in which they have made known their intentions of following him wherever he shows the way, indicate, and conclusively, that they appreciate their

responsibilities. Notable in support of the president have been the great newspapers of the United States, regardless of their political affiliations; many of them, too, favoring a party strenuously op-

posed to the administration's politics. At this critical hour the secretary of state, who should be the first and foremost to uphold and strengthen the hands of his chief deserted him in a moment. The erstwhile patriotic Mr. Bryan turns loose his volubility in an effort to divide the people into contentious camps on a question that is so vital to the substance of the nation that it is one on which sides can hardly be taken. He would have them, or as many as he can cajole with his glib tongue, deny their own voice, or recant. For Woodrow Wilson, our president, is now speaking for the whole people, not for himself. Does not the attitude of Mr. Bryan border on the traitorous? And what a spectacle it is for one man to assume unto himself proportions that are larger than

Another mystery is as to why Mr. Bryan should be receiving congratulations from any one over his effort to scuttle the ship of state while it is sailing on such a perilous voyage?

those of his country!

Possibly they are finally touching be fountain head of the inefficiency solitary examples. You can find of our navy in the investigation now them all about you in every commun- in progress at Annapolis on the preity. It is the common history of near- mise of wholesale cheating on the drops.

part of the midshipmen at their examinations. If such a practice has been general at the Naval academy it is too much to expect that young men, who would indulge in such dishonesty, should develop into efficient officers. Their duties as such would more than likely be discharged in a slovenly and careless manner

Paderewski also appears to be overlooking a golden opportunity in his efforts, to raise funds to alleviate the suffering of the noncombatants in Poland. He might divest himself of "We had an expert on intensive his unique hirsute appendage: and gardening before our clubs last even auction them off. The imagination is not elastic enough to contemplate the prices that the sentimental ladles in this country among the legions of his mate can."

"Sounds interesting."

"Yes; he read a most instructive paper on how to raise a tulip in a tomate can." musical admirers would be willing to pay for a hair or two from his head.

There will also be plenty of eager mouths in other lands to assist in the eating of the billion bushel wheat crop

# Journal Entries

Good advice is generally the varispread its beneficent wings had such a method always been in general prac-

If you are not willing to stand criticism, don't give any.

are willing to go after. A lot of loafing on the job is also done by the dove of domestic peace.

Few people ever get more than they

What an enormous volume of bunis paraded under the guise of political

# Jayhawker Jots

Love is a game of auction, observe the Penitentiary Bulletin, in , which hearts are frequently outbid by dia-

the Wudthke family of District 79, Lyon county, ought to win one of the It is almost time, thinks the Os-

borne County Farmer, for another law partner of Abraham Lincoln to pass away in Kansas. No matter how insignificant a man may be, says the Esbon Times, he is firmly convinced that he will some

day be recognized. Young man, advises the Cedar Enterprise, beware of the dear girl who lets you do all the talking during She's playing a waiting

It is well to remember, urges the Mankato Advocate, that at your funeral the preacher may throw the Pearly Gates wide open to you, but St. Peter has the last word and you haven't fooled him.

We protest against the use of polsonous gas in the war, says the Cimar-ron Jacksonian, and it adds: It does just as much good for us to protest as for any one else, so why not protest while the protesting is good?

The Alma Enterprise notes that the latest brain storm that Cel. Payton of the Colony Free Press sustained caused him to remark that Colony has a man who has eaten corn bread until

Some men seem to have been born with the itch for office, states the Mankato Western Advocate; it crops out on all occasions whenever there is an office, high or leave the state of the other couldn't see an office, high or low, to be filled. If at first or tenth they don't succeed they try, try again. The proverbial seven-year-itch is a mild malady in

Elephants are being trained in one ruthless a fashion as were the victims of the torpedoing of the Lusitania? Such a method of procedure would be intolerable. Its mere suggestion of the big circuses to dance the tango and other freak dances, notes the Alma Signal, and it adds: It is bad enough when foolish men and women give way to such a craze, but what harm have the elephorit. harm have the elephants done that they should be compelled to do the

## Globe Sights BY THE ATCHISON GLOBE

A crooked attorney can be the wors

A man usually deserves as much as he will stand.

A woman's tears do not amount to much; but they still scare the men. There are a good many heroes in novels who couldn't hold a job in real

while loafing he is always subject to When there is an accident, the peo

ple are not really indignant unless a Did a man ever hold stakes without making a remark about running away with the money?

Every mother of several children is pretty well qualified to serve on a grievance committee. How little trouble and quarreling

there would be if your enemy were only broad-minded like yourself! Plain talk may be overdone: we used to know a teamster who seemed to regard the fighting word as a

jovial greeting. Some men believe that every day of their life the straw that broke the camel's back has just been placed on

### their shoulders. POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

[From the Chicago News.]

the hot weather.

Wit without wisdom is sauce with-A man seldom exhibits his temper till he loses it. through him. The cuddlesome winter girl dislikes

Civilization is what compels the savage to work for his dally bread. And the tightwad who has more money than friends is glad of it. majority of men are like clocks

Did you ever get so lonesome that you wanted to how! like a dog? Whether the game is worth the kerosene or not depends on what the

either too fast or too slow.

Most people are not on speaking terms with their own consciences half the time. The dachshund has very short legs,

but his pants are just as long as those of any other dog.

Girls should beware of young men who pose as candy kids; as husbands they are apt to develop into lemon drops. Conductor—"Where's your ticket?"
Tough Passenger—"Aw, I'm traveling
on my face." Conductor—"Well, it's
immaterial to me whether I punch a
ticket or a face."

On the Spur of the Moment BY ROY K, MOULTON.

Two female book agents were town last week and succeeded stringing a lot of suckers. A nice stringing a lot of suckers. A nifty figure and a baby smile will sell heat-ing stoves in Hades.—Alba Review.

On the Women's Clubs

An Imitation? Count Czaky prefers working in New York to living on the money of his rich wife. Something wrong with him. Maybe he isn't a real count.

Suffrage in Iowa,

(From the Marshalltown Times-Re-Monday R. F. Clark celebrated his forty-fifth birthday anniversary. His wife entertained a party of friends in his honor and presented him with a washing machine, wringer and boiler.

Overdoing the Thing. Not long ago our old home town of Mayville voted the saloons out, and now the village waterworks have gone dry—which is too much of a good thing. Reminds one of the long dry spell when vegetation was parched and good people gathered at the church to pray for rain. Gentle petitions were tent up, but Deacon Strong was not satisfied, and in thunderous tones he bellowed for rain, more rain, and lots of it. Before the people could get home there came a cloud burst and water fell in torrents, carrying away the bridges, furrowing the hillsides and converting marker lines into rivulets, which destroyed the young plants. Deacon Strong was castigated: "Pesky old fool, he always overdoes

Hard to Catch 'Em at It. Eastern man has been arrested for eating a carpet. Relieved to be the first time this has happened in the history of the world.

Strictly Neutral. The American concerns that are sending inferior supplies to the are showing their strict neutrality. They would have done the same thing to their own country.

## Evening Chat BY RUTH CAMERON

The Two Books.

"I imagine music must make feel ngs and paint pictures in the minds of the people who hear it according to their own nature as much as according to the music itself. The musician might compose something wanting you to think of the Holy Grail and some people who heard it might think of a prayer meeting, and some would think of how good they were themselves, and a boy might think of himself at the head of a solemn procession car rying a banner and riding a white horse, and then if there were some jubilant passages in the music he'd think of a circus."—Booth Tarking-

ton.

The other day I heard two women

it at all.

Each considered it "so strange" that the other didn't feel as she did

about the book.

But as I listened I didn't think it strange at all. strange at all. You see, they weren't talking about the same book. They taiking about the same book. They thought they were and it was the same book in one way but not in another. They had read the same book but they weren't talking about the same for the book each was talking about the book as it read after she had translated it by the vocabulary of her own experience and poured her own

And as they were women of widely differing experience each read a very different translation of the same book Even the simplest thing we read we translate with our own experiences as vocabulary. A newspaper clipping. a love poem, a Bible story, in everyone who reads them each of these one who reads them each of these arouses different mental pictures. The newspaper story of a wedding, for instance, must mean something en-tirely different to the girl who looks forward to her wedding and the old woman who looks back to hers.

Wouldn't it be interesting to take some familiar Bible story and have half a dozen people describe the men-tal picture it created for them.

tal picture it created for them.

For instance, when I read the injunction not to hide your light under a bushel, I always see in my mind's eye a candlestick under a big bushel basket which used to hang in our

Again, when I read about Shadrach, Meschae and Abednego in the fiery furnace. I see them standing in the istinctly cramped quarters of our old

And so into everything we read we pour our own experience. What won-der that no two people like the same books. What wonder that the story which is beautiful to me is meaning-less to my neighbor. He can never read the story that I read. I can never read that other story that wakens and

thrills him. For many men, many minds, is just another way of saying, many men many experiences.

## QUAKER MEDITATIONS. [From the Philadelphia Record.]

Honesty pays in the long run, but lots of people are merely sprinters. When a man has a clear conscience he doesn't care if people do see

When a man forgets he is a gentleman he can't very well blame his The man who gets the reputation of ing a good talker is apt to be a poor

Ennul isn't always contagious. Many a fellow makes other people

who is absolutely tireless in do-

she cried, and stepped back quitter. Whisky improves with age, in which espect it has something on the man who drinks it. You never can tell. Many a man

there in Happy valley, and why didn't you tell me that you were stopping there? Who are the Smiths, anywho boasts that he pays as he goes is one of those slow-going fellows. there? The fact that every cloud has a silver lining is poor consolation to a man after he gets wet to the skin.

her hand at the door, her hand at the door.

"You love me—you will be my wife,
darling?" he asked. "You know how
long I have loved you. To think you
should be my dream girl, too! You
leve me?" he insisted.

She nodded, and slipped away Later he took her in to dinner. She

Now the sprinkled blackthorn suo Lies along the lovers' lane, Where last year we used to go— Where we shall not go again.

In the hedge the buds are new, By our wood the violets peer— Just like last year's violets, too, But they have no scent this year.

Every bird has heart to sing Of its nest, warmed by its breast; We had heart to sing last spring, But we never built our nest. Presently red roses blowp Will make all the garden gay. Not yet have the daisles grown

On your clay.

E. Nesbit in Harper's Magazine for June

# The Evening Story

Miss Hollyhocks.

Miss Hollyhocks.

(By Carol Bain.)

The man with the easel placed it close to the fence so that he could look over the palings and down that rosy vista of hollyhocks. The cottage beyond the hollyhocks was quite hidden from view by the drooping branches of a chinaberry tree. In the path between the rows of hollyhocks stood a girl in a pink dimity frock. The skirt was frilled to the waist with tiny pink ruffles. A pink sunbonnet hid her face.

"My medal picture!" exclaimed the artist, opening his paint box. "I don't know what she's looking at, but

artist, opening his paint box. "I don't know what she's looking at, but

few minutes longer—"

With swift, sure strokes he outlined the girl's pliant form in its quaint gown of the newest fashion—a modern adaptation of an old style. She was facing the hollyhocks and looking intently at something looking intently at something on a round green hollyhock leaf. One slender white hand and rounded wrist were stretched cautiously out, and one little foot in its high-heeled

and one little foot in its high-heeled slipper appeared beneath the short skirt.

She scarcely seemed to breathe, and five minutes passed before he drew back quickly while a great golden butterfly fluttered up and out of sight among the trees.

Even then she did not face him, thy's own, with the ripple of redbrown hair edging the temple, "What have you done?" sh pered.

He drew her closer so that she leaned against his broad shoulder.

"I painted inthe face that is always in my heart—yours, Dorothy. You are Miss Hollyhocks—no one else

but turned toward the cottage and vanished in a bend of the path.

Wade Newton breathed a sigh of satisfaction. "I've got her, all right," he chuckled. "Now for the hollyhocks with the sunshine on them; her frock I can work in afterward."

The afternoon passed and he saw The afternoon passed and he saw no more of the girl in the pink gown. The next morning he packed his be-longing and went back to his studio

in the city.

The following winter Wade Newton's picture, "Miss Hollyhocks," carried off the coveted prize.

"But why won't you sell the pic-ture?" insisted Henderson, lighting another cigarette. Wade Newton glanced across his

vade Newton gianced across his studio where "Miss Hollyhocks" was placed on an easel. "It isn't a girl you know, is it?" went on Henderson, stroking his tiny ustache.
"Never saw her face," said Newton

Little Mothers of the Slums-ye'd quit yer cryin', Violet. Ye gettin all muddy."—Life. "Then why—"
"Because I have a curiosity to discover her for myself. Confidentially, Ned, Miss Hollyhocks brought me fame and a number of orders. I'm rich?" "No; he hasn't had a drink since the first of the year."—Buffalo Express. "I would I were a bird," she sang. "I would you were," said her husband. "You could go south for the winter without its costing me anything."—Life.

going to marry her some day."
"Idiot!" gibed Henderson drawing
on his gloves. "But I suppose you
can go down and find her in the old garden any time you please."
"I wish I could," returned the othe

What do you mean?" "What do you mean?"
"You know I was called abroad as soon as I finished that picture. When I returned I went immediately to Sleepy Valley where I had chanced upon the garden, but the girl and her people had vanished as the rose of yesterday. It seems they had only hired the place for three months and beyond learning that the name was Smith I came back as wise as I went."
"Smith! I like Miss Hollyhocks "Smith! I like Miss Hollyhocks tter!" said Henderson. "Of course better!" said Henderson. "Of course she might have been homely as sin but, believe me, Wade, only a girl with a peachy complexion will guard it with a sunbonnet, the others don't

care.' Newton laughed indulgently. believe the pink sunbonnet has set you to dreaming, too," he said.
"Well, by-by; I'm off," said Henderson. "Wire me when you find Miss Hollyhocks."

"I will," agreed Newton. "How in thunder am I going find her?" he asked himself. " mi put an advertisement in the paper: Will Miss Smith, of Comfort Cottage, Sleepy Valley, who wore a pink sun-bonnet and a frilly pink gown among with W. N.?' Lord! What an idiot I am after all!"

He dismissed the picture and the unknown girl from his thoughts and dressed for dinner. He had promised to dine with the Colemans, who had just returned from a year's travel abroad. Their daughter, Dorothy, had held Wade's heart in the hollow of her hand for many months, only she did not know it. Wade was not sure of it himself for his girl of the

hollyhocks intruded her mysterious personality every time confession hov-ered on the tip of Wade's tongue. Of course this uncertainty of mind made him quite wretched. There were times when he vowed he would marry the girl of the hollyhocks and no other. But when Dorothy was no other. But when Dorothy was near he thought of no one save her.
"Dorothy is in the library, Mr. "Dorothy is in the library, Mr. Newton," said Mrs. Coleman as she sky.

"Now just think of that!" cried the "Now just think of that!" cried the greeted the painter. "She wanted me to send you to her as soon as you ar-rived. You must haste, for it is alnost dinner time."

With a light step Wade entered the library and closed the door behind him. Then he stood as though para-Over in the embrasure of the bow-window there stood a noble palm. In the shadow of it was a girl in a pink

sunbonnet and a pink frilled gown She might have stepped out of his sunbonnet and a pink frilled

Who is it?" he asked quickly. She stood motionless, one slender white hand extended toward the palm

In three strides Newton had crossed the room and stood beside her. He bent his head and peered around under the pink sunbonnet. A charm-ing pink and white face, a pair of blue eyes and enticing lips. Newton eyes and enticing lips. kissed her then and there.

Dorothy, darling, I never dreamed —I never guessed—that you were my hollyhock girl," he breathed rapidly, his eyes afire. "What were you doing

way?"

But Dorothy only shook her head
and fied from him, saying that she
must change her dress. He caught

Kansas Comment

wore a white crepe de chine frock and she was pale—like a white rose. She did not return his smile, but her

eyes were dark and shining ne evaded him the rest of

evening and he was compelled to go home looking forward to the morrow when he could take her in his arms once more. Before he slept that night

he sent a telegram to Ned Henderson,

But morning brought its perplexi-tles—a letter from Dorothy Coleman, a piteous, tear-stained letter which he read with amazed unbelief.

She said that Ned Henderson had told her Newton had vowed to marry Miss Hellyhocks, so the had possed as

Miss Hollyhocks; so she had posed as

For a long time Newton sat staring

at the fire; then suddenly he went to the painting of Miss Hollyhocks and

began to paint feverishly. Then he telephoned Mrs. Coleman and asked her to bring Dorothy to the studio. "And please, like the angel you are."

he added, "give us a moment alone." She laughed and promised. It was nearly noon when his Jap-anese servant admitted them to the

here," said Mrs. Coleman. "She pleaded a headache, but I told her the

She turned to a distant window and

considerately turned her back. New-ton took Dorothy's hand and led her to the picture on the easel Miss Hollyhocks still stood there, but her

sunbonnet had fallen back on her shoulders and her profile was Doro-

could be, for I must keep my vow and at the same time marry you." When Ned Henderson was asked to be

Wade's best man he chuckled glee-fully.—(Copyright, 1915, by the Mc-

Humor of the Day

"Driving a horse, eh? The horse is a back number." "So will that car be in

"Where does Miss DeMar get her com-plexion?" "it's a gift. Her sister mar-ried a druggist."-Buffalo Express.

"Is your husband an agnostic, Mrs. Nu-

fully..—(Copyright, 1915, by Clure Newspaper Syndicate.)

another year."-Judge.

she whis-

"Discovered Miss Hollyhocks, En-

THE ROAD TO ARCADY. Where winds the road to Arcady?

Is it through a valley which hovers in the protection of snow cappea mountains or a path on the mountain side which mounts through pines to the very dome of the sky? This mythical land of Arcady may be in the land made fair by our imagination and its road may lead between rosy castles built of air. Yet there is a road to Arcady. It may be the path from the Arcady. It may be the path from the gate to the home where the humblest dweller knows a baby will lisp "papa." It may be a walk of rough boards, there may be no walk, but that short distance may be the highway to his greatest happiness because it is his home. Then there may be another road to Arcady. That youngster early in the morning trudging along the country road into the very kingdom of ting that he would believe her to be the original of his painting and the whole thing a mere trick of fate.

But she could not carry out the deception. She made this shamed confession and said she would rather not see him again.

For a long time Newton sat starting country road into the very kingdom of the sun, is traversing the Arcadian highway. On every side he sees manhighway. sions. Along this road he cannot restrain the whistle of a nature-intoxicated boy. The very youth in him sings out in song that almost rivals that of the meadow lark. He is happy in the happiness that a May morning brings to the heart of youth. We may visit the famed highways of the old and new world and climb the highest long, dim room. Dorothy came in re-luctantly, her face almost hidden by a white motor veil.
"I had hard work to get this child and new world and climb the highest mountains to find this road of roads. But the road to Arcady we build our-selves. It is the highway built by the happy heart and is the high road of air would do her good. Now, I want life.--Salina Journal

## ARE YOU SATISFIED?

The longer you live the more you will become convinced that there is no such a thing as being satisfied. The man who is fully satisfied with himself is the worst man you have in your community. The man who thinks that he has attained the height of perfection in all respects and sets himself for a model for the rest of you to look at is the worst failure both spiritually and financially you have in your town. The most successful man is the one who maps out a control real for himself and when he certain goal for himself and when he reaches that goal finds that there is still plenty of room above and con-tinues his climbing until finally he is called to those heights which we all strive to attain hereafter.—Lincoln Sentinel.

THE SPARROW A USEFUL BIRD "You've gotta quit kickin' the Eng-lish sparrow around," the ornithologists at Dyche museum are saying,
"for he is a beneficial bird instead of
the arrant vagabond that popular
opinion has made him to be." Government experts in Utah and Wyo-ming state that the English sparrow is redeeming his lost reputation by valiant field work in these states. is checking the rapid advance of the alfalfa weevil, a pest which has ap-peared there and is likely to spread to other states. Sparrows have been known to clear rose vines of aphid in return for their nest rent under the cornice. In town they are scavengers and thrive in the streets where no other bird will venture. Ornithologists say that the charge against them of driving the wild birds out of town are false. There are as many wild birds in the towns now as there have ever been, but as they often keep to the treetops, while the sparrow is everywhere under foot, they hastily draw such conclusions.—His watha World.



ed to make a flower. "What does one do?" the plant asked the sunbeam,

"when one wants to make a flower—a lovely big blossom?"

The sunbeams laughed happily and replied, "we wondered how long it would be before you began to want to bloom! We wondered if you would be happy to just grow on, and on, and on, with never a blossom on your vines? We're so glad you want a blossom." The nasturtium plant smiled and

swung its arms about gaily. "I'm so glad you are pleased," it said, "I like to do the things that my friends want me to do. But you haven't told me how to bloom!" exclaimed the sunbeams, "we can't tell you how to do your own work-that's your busi-

"Oh, but you must!" exclaimed the plant in distress, "I always do what you tell me to do. You must tell me how to make a flower!" you tell me to do. You must tell me how to make a flower!"

"That we cannot," replied the sunbeams firmly, "any plant that is strong enough and old enough to want a flower, is capable of doing their blooming unaided." And with that saying the sunbeams followed old mother sun off to sleep in the western

the nasturtium plant when it got its breath. Those sunbeams who have always been so kind and helpful! And now, when we need them most, they calmly go off to sleep without giving us one bit of advice

What ever shall we do?"

While the little nasturtium plant was fretting and fuming about the sunbeams, another nasturtium plant, sunbeams, and kindly, "maybe those sunbeams, another hasturitum plant, close by, said kindly, "maybe those sunbeams went away just to give us a chance to bloom by ourselves. Maybe they think they have been helping us too much! And maybe," helping us too much! And maybe," here the plant lowered its voice to a soft whisper, "maybe if we think very hard and work our best, we really can make a blossom and sur-

Hundreds of years ago, before ever asked the first vine. "I say let's

"That's the very best color of all," agreed the second plant. "and now that everything is decided, we must go quickly to sleep so that we wi be rested for work in the morning



"We can't tell -ou how own work." Bright and early in the morning the two nasturtium plants set to work at their task. They stored up work at their task. They stored up sunbeams—oh, many more than they had ever used before—they sucked up all the good rich moisture they could get from the ground; and all the while they were working, they kept very quiet—not a word did they whisper of the surprise they were making for the sunbeams!

In one day they had made a tiny green bud. The second day the bud was so big and happy, it spilled open helping us too much! And maybe," here the plant lowered its voice to a soft whisper, "maybe if we think very hard and work our best, we really can make a blossom and surprise the sunbeams!"

"Oh, do you think we could?" exclaimed the first plant in delight; "First we must decide where we will put the blossom," said the second plant, "and I say we better have it close to the main vine where we can feed it well."

was so big and happy, it spilled open on one side and showed a hint of one side and showed a hint of

